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Gabby Hayes

Western

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A Bonanza Publication



THE FIRST
BIG ADVENTURE ISSUE
**THE HUMAN
PORCUPINE**



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Every effort is made to insure that these comic magazines
contain the highest quality of wholesome entertainment

W. A. Fawcett, Jr., President



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GABBY'S FIRST CLUE COMES WHEN SHERIFF SLIM DANIEL FINDS THE BANK'S BANK BLASTED OPEN!

THAT SAFE IS DYNAMITE PROOF, BUT FROM THESE SHILLS IT SEEMS THE CROOKS JAZZ BANG THE DOOR OFF!

ONLY ONE GUY IN THE WORLD FACES THAT MUCH PUNCH, SLIM!

HOOT HOLLER AND HIS CRIMINAL PARADE ARE TRYING TO GET RICH WITH MY REGGOTING MONY! THAT MAKES ME PARTLY RESPONSIBLE, DINDOUST IT!

THE GREEDY WARMINTS WILL LOVELY RAB EAGLE PASS NEXT--AND I'LL BE THERE TO STOP THEM!

BUT HOOT HOLLER'S GUNS KEEP ONE JUMP HALL OF GABBY, LOOTING TOWN AFTER TOWN!

WHEN! THIS GUN KICKS BACK LIKE A MULE! DON'T SEE HOW THAT OLE COOT COULD HANDLE IT ALONE!

HA! THIS BOWDER DAYS OFF!

BOOM!

NO MORE DRILLING, NO MORE DYNAMITE BLASTING! THIS GUN DOES ALL THE HARD WORK IN ONE MINUTE!

THAT'S TEN BANKS IN THREE DAYS, HOOT! WE'RE RICH!

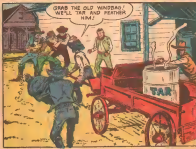
BUT WE GOT TEN DIFFERENT POSSES AFTER US, HOOT!

WE'VE GONE! DON'T FOMED, WE GOT THE PERFECT HIDE-OUT!



CABBY HAYES WESTERN















GUN-SLICK SHOWDOWN

A Buck Desmond Story

By Dick Kraus

"STRINGING wire, eh?" The big man slowly let himself down from the high-horned saddle. "Gray, I warned you yesterday. I'm grazing my sheep through this land—all of it! If there are fences on the land, they're coming down! If there are nesters putting up fences, they're getting out!"

His red face creased in angry lines, the broad-shouldered sheepherder towered over the little nester whom he had found stringing a barbed wire fence.

Softly, he repeated his last words.

"Getting out! That's you, Grep. You're clearing out of this section; if you want to stay alive . . ."

In sudden defiance, the denim-clad farmer lifted the shovel he had been tamping fence posts down with. He retorted, "You're wasting your time, Colby! This is my land and I am to stay on it—permanent. You and your gun-slicks ain't a-gonna force me off! That's my answer!"

Cyrus Colby moved fast. In one calculated gesture, he kicked hard, smashing the shovel from the smaller man's hands. His massive fist slammed against Tad Gray's jaw, and the farmer spun around. Colby smashed Gray again with a whistling blow to the chest. Groggy, the nester slumped to the ground . . .

"Now to fix that fence," the sheepherder muttered, breathing hard. Taking a pair of steel clippers from his pocket, he began to sever the strands of barbed wire.

"Better put those clippers away, Muster!"

Colby spun around! A stranger had ridden up unnoticed—a tall, lanky rambling cowhand. The waddy was dismounting . . .

The big sheepherder squared his shoulders. "Get out," he said quietly. "Get out, or I'll give you the same I just gave this blamed nester!"

Suddenly engaged at the stranger's interference, Cyrus Colby lunged forward in a bull-like attack. But his opponent was not taken by surprise. Side-stepping, Buck lashed out with a lightning-swift blow to the bigger man's

cheekbone. Again he struck—and again—each time deftly avoiding Colby's whistling blows. Realizing that he was in danger of being beaten, the sheepherder suddenly dropped his hands.

"Your hand, stranger," he said sullenly. "I'll be riding off."

He swung to the saddle of the big white horse that waited, next to Buck Desmond's bay! Wheeling the bronc, he cut cruelly with his rowelled spurs, until the light-colored horse reared back. "All right," he repeated. "Your hand . . . But I'm warning you. Get out of town—out of this section—or you won't live a day! If you don't believe me, ask your new-found friend there about the Rego brothers." Spurring again, he loped off! Within a few moments, he was out of sight.

Buck Desmond turned to the little man, who had now risen. In the nester's eyes were gratitude—and worry.

"Thanks, stranger," Tad Gray said. "He probably would have put the boots to me—after dropping the fence—if you hadn't come along! But you'd better take his warning. Get out of town . . . or they'll carry you out on a shunter. Cy Colby means what he says . . ."

"Hold on, friend. Spese you start at the beginning. What's this ruckus all about?"

The words poured from the nester as he told the whole ugly story. Cyrus Colby was a sheepherder who had recently moved into the valley. He was a ruthless land-grabber, a man who forced the little ranchers and nesters one by one off their land.

"Desmond, I'm telling you, you're up against a tornado! Colby's got two of the meanest gun-slicks you ever saw—the Rego cronies. They're fancy killers from down along the border! They wear their guns strapped to their legs . . . and real high-heeled pointed shoes! Never do a scrap of work! Colby keeps them on the payroll to handle his gunplay for him! If you go into Las Cruces, they'll ventilate you sure! Better head the other way . . ."

"Friend," Buck asked, "which way is Las Cruces? I'd kind of like to mossy down there and take a look at those high-heeled gun dandies . . ."

It was night when Buck rode into the brightly lit town. Even as his bay trotted gracefully down the main street, a pool of hushed silence seemed to spread out before him. Word of the rambling cowhand's encounter with Cyrus Colby had reached the town! Aware of the eyes that followed his every move, Buck Desmond stepped into the false-fronted hotel. A young clerk looked up at him, eyes wide.

"Listen, boy," Buck said. "I want a room for the night. And you can tell the other gents hereabouts that I aim to stay until about ten tomorrow. If the Rego brothers want to find me, they can do it tomorrow morning—right here in the lobby."

The clerk nodded, "Check! I can spread the word. But if you take my advice, you'll clear out first. Those Rego gunsels are bad medicine! They'll shoot first, shoot from behind, sling a knife at you . . . anything! Better clear out!"

"No thanks! I'm staying," Then he leaned forward. "Can you tell me where I can get some bee's wax?" he asked. "I'd kind of like to shine my shoes. If I got to die with them on, they might as well look purty in the coffin!"

Laughing, with a jarful of borrowed wax in his hand, he went up to bed.

Word quickly spread around town.

When dawn came, eyes were plastered to windows, and curtains were drawn back cautious inch. The town wanted to know what was going to happen! They didn't give any stranger much of a chance against the Rego brothers. But this hender . . . this Desmond . . . he seemed to know what he was doing.

And Buck did know. At ten o'clock, he walked slowly down the narrow hallway into the lobby of the hotel. Standing against the opposite wall, he saw the Rego brothers.

Ray and King Rego were gun-slicks, all right. Buck knew it in the first moment, at the first glance at their hatchet-hard faces; at the worn guns that waited, inches from dangling hands; at the too pretty, too narrow, too high-heeled boots! Not working man's boots . . .

King Rego's eyes slitted to dark pin-points.

"Hello, stranger," he grinned. "We been waiting for you. Cy Colby asked us to wait. He wants us to teach you a lesson!"

Buck paused, every muscle tenses. This was it! Imperceptibly, he could see the hands of his foes creeping toward their guns! They were going to draw—to shoot him down without warning—to center their shots with deadly accuracy on his chest! He had to move first!

His lean hand clutching the back of an armchair at the side of the room, Buck suddenly heaved the piece of furniture through the air!

Cursing, Ray and King Rego sprang to the side, to avoid the hurtling chair. And, as they leaped, they drew! At once, three guns roared viciously! But, as the two gun-slicks jumped, their feet skidded on the wooden floor! Losing their balance, they shot wildly! But Buck Desmond's aim was true. Shooting twice, he shot the guns out of the hands of his enemies!

The gunmen tried to fight back. But they were not rough and tumble fighters—and they were further handicapped by the way their boots slid on the slippery floor! After perhaps two minutes of fighting, the Rego brothers were stretched, unconscious, on the lobby floor.

A curious head thrust through the hotel door. It was the clerk. Slowly he whistled.

"What happened to them?"

BUCK smiled. "I threw a chair at them and they tried to dodge. But then they lost their balance and fell. Reckon they found that those fancy high-heeled shoes of theirs were mighty slippery on a floor that had just been waxed during the night." He tossed the remainder of a jar of wax back to the clerk . . .

"I wouldn't have played a trick like that on anybody but a pair of treacherous rattlesnakes like these," he went on. "Better call the sheriff, son! He's going to want to lock them up—and also to go out and round up Cy Colby! Reckon we can find a few nesters to testify against him too, now that his side-kicks are under control!"

Humming softly to himself, Buck tried a fancy step on the newly-waxed floor. It was just about as slippery as an ice pond! Nearest floor he had ever seen . . .

THE END

Ride with BUCK DESMOND in every issue of GABBY HAYES WESTERN!



QNZ

SEE HOW MANY YOU CAN ANSWER CORRECTLY!
 1. WHICH OF THE FOLLOWING IS NOT A CRYSTAL?
 2. WHICH OF THE FOLLOWING IS NOT A CRYSTAL?
 3. WHICH OF THE FOLLOWING IS NOT A CRYSTAL?

- ① JOHN ADAMS was
second president
and - PRESIDENT
TRAIL. ...
for ...



- THE FIRST NIGHT**
BRIDGE WAS LIFTED
 ON DOCK AT ABOUT
 11:00 P.M.
 TOWN ...
 BRIDGE ...



- ② **POOR GOLD** IS
USED TO HELP
ARMED WALLS
PURE - RED-HEAT
TUNE
HALL



- RELIEF OF THE
SUN IS CAUSED BY
THE ARROW COMING
BETWEEN THE EARTH
AND THE SUN
THAT
PUSHES



- State: **PA** County: **DADE**
 Name: **DADE COUNTY**
 Address: **100 N. 10TH ST.**
 City: **PHILADELPHIA**
 State: **PA** Zip: **19107**



ANSWERS:

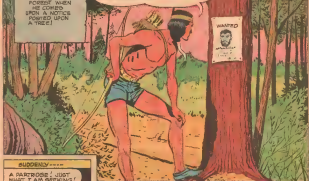
*PRIMA E SECONDA MANI GETTATE INCONTRO ALLO
MURALE DELLA D. 10891 - 10791 e 10691 E 10591 E 10491

YOUNG FALCON *in* THE FEATHERS

YOUNG FALCON, LONE HUNTER OF THE WOODS, SILENTLY MOVED THROUGH THE DENISE FOREST WHEN HE CAME UPON A NOTICE POSTED UPON A TREE!

"WANTED---CRAB CARSON, FOR JAIL-BREAKING, PLEASE GIVE SHERIFF IN NEAREST TOWN ANY INFORMATION YOU HAVE ON THIS MAN. HE IS DANGEROUS!" HMM!

THE FEATHERS



SUDDENLY

A PARTRIDGE! JUST WHAT I AM SEEKING!

I MUST AM CAREFULLY. IT IS THE HOTTEST SEASON AND THE PARTRIDGE'S FEATHERS WILL BRING BIGGONE!

THOUGH I WANT THE BIRD FOR MY STOMACH, I WANT TO RETAIN THE FEATHERS TO THIS OLD SQUAW AT THE CHANTS CAMP. SHE HAS PROMISED TO MAKE ME A FINE SIVER OF PARTRIDGE FEATHERS!









CABBY HAYES WESTERN

Pistol Packing Pattie

"CAUTIOUS
HOMBRE"



THE WILD WEST AT ITS ADVENTUROUS BEST!

Rod
Cameron
western



10¢ LOOK FOR EACH EXCITING ISSUE ON YOUR FAVORITE NEWSSTAND 10¢

CHIEF GRAY MATTER

in PIG LATIN



GABBY HAYES

and The Loco Photo

DON'T BE SO STUBBORN, GABBY! I WANT A PHOTOGRAPH OF US TOGETHER!

WHAT IN TARNATION FOR, HETTIE? YOU KNOW WHAT WE LOOK LIKE. DON'T YUNT

TIM TYPE
Traveling Photographer
— ONE DAY ONLY —
SAVE YOUR FACE FOR THE FUTURE!

STEP INSIDE, FOLKS, AND GET TAKEN — UN — I MEAN, GET YOUR PICTURE TAKEN!

Nothing but trouble develops when Gabby Hayes gets his picture taken and finds his handsome (?) features contorted into a comical LOCO PHOTO!



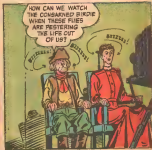
WUP! LOOKS LIKE A DABBURST TORTURE CHAMBER!

THESE ARE HERBLY CLAMPS TO MAKE SURE YOU DON'T MOVE WHEN I SHOOT YOU!

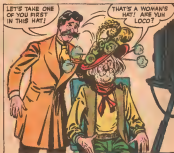
SHOOT ME? HOLD ON, PARD! I AINT A DABBURST TARGET!

HUSH, GABBY! HE'S GOING TO SHOOT THE PICTURE! DON'T BE SUCH AN IDIOT!

















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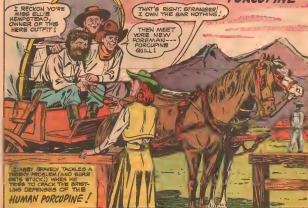
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I enclose \$_____ for the above orders.

GABBY HAYES *and* THE HUMAN PORCUPINE



ASSISTANT FOREMAN FRED LARSEN ATTEMPTS TO EVICT THE INTRUDER.

CLEAR OUT!
WE DON'T STAND
FOR ANY CANNY
REMARKS ABOUT
GABBY!

SHOW HIM
HE'S NOT
SO TOUGH,
FRED!



PORKY GULL DOESN'T
TAKE CANNIES. I
GIVE 'EM!



Ow! my
fist! FEELS
LIKE I PUNCHED
A HUNDRED
NEEDLES!

HAW! HAW! PORKY'S
WOUNDS ARE STIFF
AS RAILROAD SPIES!



THERE GOES THE
ASSISTANT FOREMAN!
BRING ON YOUR TOP
MAN AND HE'LL GET
THE SAME!

SOCK



BY THE HORNS
BOON! WHO
STARTED THIS
RUMPUSS?

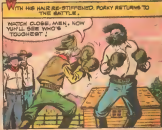
LOOK OUT,
GABBY! I THINK
HE'S A HUMAN
PORCUPINE!



YAMMOOSE, YEH
CACTUS-FACED
GAMUNT, OR ALL--
OWWWW!

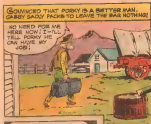








GABBY HAYES WESTERN













LOCO LEW

GOOD
READING



GABBY HAYES

DUNKS A RUSTLER

THERE I WAS WITH NO GUN,
TRAPPED BETWEEN THE THUNDERING
HEADS AND THE WAR-WACCOING INJERS!
SO I JUST STARTED BRINGING AND---

TERMINATION!
TUFFY'S SO
WRAPPED UP IN THAT
PET SQUIRREL HE
DON'T EVEN
HEAR ME!

BRING ME
SOME NUTS,
GABBY!

WHAT'S THIS? THE GREAT GABBY HAYES JEALOUS
OF A WISE SQUIRREL? BUT BEFORE HIS OUT-
GATHERING TRIP TO CHESTNUT VALLEY BROS.,
GABBY AND BUSBY JOIN FORCES IN A TOPSY-TURVY
BATTLE THAT **DUNKS A RUSTLER!**

GOOD WORK,
BUSBY! I'LL TEACH
YOU TO BE THE
SMARTEST SQUIRREL
IN THE WORLD.

DADDY! IT, TUFFY!
YOU'RE SPENDING ALL YOUR
TIME ON THAT POOL
CRITTER!

YOUR
SCHOOL MATHS
WILL DROP IF YOU DON'T
GET RID OF THAT VAMPIRE--
FROG!

GO ON, GABBY!





DOUGIE DUNCAN FLIES INTO A RAGE WHEN HE
HUGS HIS TUTTLE GONE.



GRRR! WHAT DORKY
SOPHOMOR TOOK
MY DOUGHNUTS? I
'LL TEAR HIM
LIMBS FROM
LIMBS!

SEARCH THE
WOODS: IT MUST BE
AN OUTSIDER: NONE
OF MY MEN ARE LOCO
ENOUGH TO COMMIT
THIS CRIME:



LOOK, BOSS!
FOOTPRINTS!



THEY
LEAD
BLIGHT TO
THAT TREE!

BUILD A SMOKE FIRE!
HE'LL SMOKE THE
COYOTE OUT!



MOON---

-- COUGH --
DENSEST
SMOKE IS JACKING
ME! I GOT TO CLIMB
HIGHER! ---
COUGH!



AH! FRESH AIR!
SMOKE CAN'T
GET ME HERE!



IT'S A RIGHT
GOOD PERCH: I
CAN COVER THE
EXIT FROM THE
VALLEY, SO THE
WESTERS CAN'T
GET OUT!

CONSIDER
HIS HIDE!
HE'S SOMEWHERE
IN THE TOP!
SHOOT HIM
DOWN!



AS THE DRAGS ON, GABBY'S AMMUNITION RUNS LOW.





BUSHY! YOU'RE SAVING MY LIFE AGAIN, YUH SMART LITTLE CRITTER!



THE WARMITS TOOK MY SON, BUSHY! I OUGHT TO RUN FOR MY LIFE... BUT I GOT TO DELAY THAT RUSTLING RAID SOMEBOW!



NOW IN BLAZES DO HE GET FREE! SHOOT HIM QUICK, AFORE HE RUNS MY APPETITE!

I HEAR YUH CALL YORSELF THE WORLD'S CHAMPION DOUGHNUT-EATER! THAT'S A LOT OF HOGWASH!



I CAN EAT MORE DOUGHNUTS THAN ANY HORSEBE FROM HERE TO THE NORTH POLE!

YOU'RE GOING TO EAT THEM WORDS, FARD! WE'LL HAVE A DOUGHNUT-EATING CONTEST AFORE I KILL YUH!



THE CONTEST STARTS!

ONLY WAY TO KEEP THESE RUSTLERS HERE IS TO EAT DOUGHNUTS UNTIL THE BAR NOTHING HANDS SHOW UP.

KEEP 'EM COMING! I RECKON THAT HARRY RUNT CAN'T HOLD MORE THAN TWO DOZEN!



EATING AND MUNCHING: THE COMPETITORS VIGILANTLY BATTLE FOR VICTORY.

USH! THEY'RE HAD FIFTY AFORE! MAKES ME SICK JUST TO THINK OF IT!

GULP! MY STOMACH IS SETTING POWERSAP FELL!

WHERE IN TARNATION ARE MY PINCHERS! I'M BEGINNING TO LOSE MY APPETITE!



FINALLY...

HERE'S A FRESH BATCH, BONG! YOUR SIXTH DOZEN!

NO! NO! TAKE THEM AWAY! I CAN'T STAND IT! IF I EAT ANOTHER CRUMB I'LL BUST!







A MINUTE LATER, TIPPY LEADS SHERIFF DODGIE AND THE COWBOYS TO THE RESCUE!

GABBY! WE THOUGHT THESE TOUGH HOWARDES HAD KILLED YUH BY NOW! WHAT IN THUNDERBOLT ARE YUH DOING?

SHUCKS, GIM, I'M JUST DUNKIN' DUNCAN! HEH!

GIM!

HEH!

LATER, BACK AT RAWHIDE --

CHEER UP, DONUTS! YUH GOT ALL YORE RUSTLER PARDS TO KEEP YUH COMPANY IN THE HOGSBOGW!

SAW! THERE'S NOTHING HERE TO DUNK BUT BREAD IN WATER!



GABBY, CAN'T I KEEP BUSHY? I PROMISE TO STUDY HARD IN SCHOOL.

OF COURSE YUH CAN KEEP HIM! WHY THAT SMART LITTLE CUTTER IS AN EDDY-CATION IN HIMSELF!



RECKON HE'LL EVEN HELP YUH DO YOUR HOMEWORK, EH, BUSHY?

YIPPEE!

